

WITHIN THE REACH OF EVERYONE FOR A SHORT TIME ONLY.

The Public have an opportunity to purchase shares at 25 cents in the largest Lead and Silver mine in the Southwest. A mine that will pay large dividends from the starting of its plant. We have all the mineral in sight that we can work in a lifetime. No one has disputed this fact—no one can dispute it.

Everyone who has examined it pronounces it a mammoth mine of wonderful possibilities. For a short time only will the public have a chance to get these shares at any price. When the treasury shares are exhausted and the company starts its concentrators and begins to pay dividends, the stock cannot be had at all. He who is undecided now will then wish he had acted with promptness and decision and secured stock when the promoters were giving it away for one cent on the dollar of its actual value.

In the two months that the company has been developing their property the work has resulted in discovering all the water they need, and in that time they have mined and taken out **One Thousand Tons of Concentrating Ore**, and uncovered 16 feet of shipping ore which runs from 50 to 60 per cent Lead. This showing certainly proves all that has been written or said about the property.

Parties who fail to take advantage of this sale of treasury stock of the New Mexican Lead Company will surely miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

Don't wait, expecting a canvasser to call on you, for we have no agents. You must go to the office, or write for prospectus to **C. B. James & Co., No. 14 Bronson Block, El Paso, Texas.** Parties at a distance can send their orders by mail or express, or through any bank.

FOR REFERENCES SEE PROSPECTUS.

Any Parties who contemplate purchasing a large number of shares will have their expenses paid to and from the mine if they do not find every statement in the prospectus substantiated by their own investigation.

For those of small means there never was a better opportunity to better their conditions.

A FEW BRIEF ILLUSTRATIONS.

People who do not take the time to inquire into the results of small investments in large mining properties sometimes will say: "What's the use of buying a thousand shares in a million dollar company? It don't amount to anything." To such we give a few examples out of hundreds of companies, that to own one thousand shares of their stock would mean a sure income of no small amount, which at the beginning of their sales of treasury stock one could have bought at a very moderate sum. Such is the history of good mines under experienced and faithful management, and we can judge of the future only by the experiences of the past.

One thousand shares of Quincy or Tamarack would insure an income of nearly \$6,000 per annum. The same number of shares in Calumet & Hecla would return about \$33,000 annually. The Alaska-Treadwell pays about \$1,500 annually on each thousand shares, while the Homestake of South Dakota pays \$6,000. The Richardson mine of Nova Scotia pays \$1,250 on each thousand shares from ore that averages only about \$2.50 per ton. The New York Engineering and Mining Journal of February 17, gives a list of 256 dividend paying mines that to own a thousand shares in any one of them would mean a very respectable income. As a rule a company sells its first issue of treasury shares at a very low price, twenty-five cents per share would be a high estimate of the average, so, if one estimates from a basis of first cost, he is receiving all the way from 200 to 500 per cent on his actual cash investment. For example the Le Roi stock was sold for about five cents per share when the mine first started; this stock is now quoted in London at \$25. Isabella of Cripple Creek sold as low as three cents per share originally; it is now worth \$1.25, that is to say, one could have bought one thousand shares for \$30 which are now worth \$1,250. The buying of treasury shares when they are being sold at a

discount by a good reliable company owning a promising property, is both profitable and legitimate. There are few avenues of trade that offer safer investments, and certainly none more profitable.

We consider the properties of the New Mexican Lead Company equal in promise to any of those above cited, and we take pleasure in calling your attention to the sale of the second 100,000 shares of their treasury stock which has just been placed on the market at twenty-five cents per share.

Following is our engineer's estimate on the profits the company will derive from working the mines with a concentrating plant, concentrating six tons into one:

A concentrating plant with a capacity of 100 tons every 24 hours would produce in concentrates 16 2/3 tons daily, which would average 70 per cent lead per ton and 60 ounces of silver. The value of the day's product would be as follows:

16 2/3 tons of concentrates at 70 per cent lead, or 23,332 pounds of lead at \$1.25 per 100 pounds, would bring	\$ 991 61
One thousand ounces of silver at say 55 cents per ounce	550 00

This giving a gross value for each day's work of \$1,541 61

The cost of mining and concentrating 100 tons of ore would be \$150 00

The freight to smelter would be 150 00 300 00

The daily net profits would be \$1,241 61

The net monthly profits would be \$37,248 30

Or about 3 3/4 per cent a month dividend upon the capital stock of the company.

Flattering as it is, the above statement is still underestimated, as the development work in the mine shows a large percentage of ore that will average 35 per cent lead, which would, at the very highest estimate, only concentrate two and one-fourth tons into one. This would increase the daily output of concentrates and a corresponding increase in the daily profits.

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HER MEMORY

IT WHISPERED
FOR YEARS.

From where he sat Professor Helfen could see beautiful, ever undulating stretches of green meadows, dotted with the darker green of the trees, and in the far distance the everlasting hills, majestically grand in the soft purple beauty of their vast rolling outline.

"Come back to Erin, my dear, my dear, my dear," joyously sweet and clear, nearer and nearer, came the voice. The professor sat motionless, listening with bated breath, lest he lose a syllable of that sweet old song, sung in that sweet young voice. As the voice ceased he looked out. Coming toward the house, balancing in either hand a foaming pail of milk, was a young girl. Even ere the song was finished a harsh, tired voice called sharply: "Come, Beth; don't yell so. You'll wake baby, and I've been an hour getting her to sleep. Hurry and get the table."

"The professor granted scornfully: 'H'm! Yelling, is it? The voice of an angel! Music! I escape it not even here. I'll wait and listen.'

The world was two months older. Into the best parlor shone the afternoon sunshine, playing gleefully on walls that seemed to shrink from the unaccustomed glare. In one of the prim straight backed chairs, at the front windows, sat Professor Helfen, while opposite at the other window sat a weary, sad faced woman, tearing idly at the red wooden curtain tassel that had never before been touched so roughly.

"My good woman, think! She has a fortune in her voice. She has a voice in a thousand—a gem. But it is in the rough. It needs polishing, years of it, and it must be polished gently. Then it will shine—oh, dech!"

Over in the corner a slim, dark eyed girl hung on these words. Oh, to see this world, to have the dreams she had dreamed come true! She found herself listening again.

"Yes, yes, she can go, but bring her back, bring her back! I've seven, but I can't spare her forever." Then somehow Beth found herself in her mother's arms, who for once in her life of habitual self control had given way. And so the ultimatum went forth. Beth was to go.

Out in the garden twilight was falling. The beautiful tender sky colors were slowly fading into the dusk of night. The very air, full of the scent of the hay, was a caress. The very pence of it seemed a mockery to Paul as he stood before her. How could everything be so serenely beautiful while he was tasting the bitterness of life! He could not put it into any fine phrases, this desolation of his. He felt only that if this love should be taken out of his life the whole worth of his life was gone.

"You say you'll remember, Beth, but you won't—you won't. I know it as if years had already passed."

Only a boy in years, yet a man's pain had aged the stern young face. The pain in his voice touched the girl looking up at him.

"I'll work hard, Beth. By fall I'm going to the city with Lawyer Boote.

I heard the professor tell you you couldn't love; art had no room for love. Beth don't let him teach you to forget me. When he gives you such lessons as that, let what I say now so fill your mind that there will be room for nothing else. I love you, Beth, and some day you will be my wife. Perhaps if you hadn't been going away I should never have had the courage to tell you, at least for years. But I'm glad you know."

"Listen, Paul. I shall never forget. You know my nature too well to believe your own words. Forget you, with whom I have grown up, who have been the best part of my life? Ah, Paul, you know better. This is the hardest part of it Paul—to leave you. It seems but a dream yet that I am really going—going to see the world that has seemed to exist only in books. But the years will soon pass, Paul. We are both young, and no lesson he may try to teach me can blot out the teaching of 18 years of life and with such a teacher. You believe me, Paul?"

And Paul, looking in the soft depth of her soul's eyes, was content.

The two weeks of the opera had begun. A long line of carriages was drawn up before C— hall, waiting to deposit their burdens—stately broad-shouldered men of solid respectability, smart laundries with gayly caparisoned horses, while along the streets leading to the hall groups of fortune's less favored subjects moved quickly, meeting at last in front of the hall, where they joined the large, well groomed crowd pushing slowly up the steps to sit in judgment and perhaps ultimately to pay tribute to the new prima donna, Miss Armstrong, a daughter of their own land.

In the dressing room before a mirror stood a girl, still in the flush of youth, looking with unseeing eyes at the pale, proud face framed in masses of heavy black hair, in which diamonds gleamed like tears of fire.

"I suppose they'll all be there in the very front, a row of awestruck faces." She smiled as she thought of the six staring faces that had gazed strangely at her on her return home. "Would I have been like them, I wonder, with no taste of the glorious dishes with which the world tickles one's palate? Would I, too, have been content with their and my lot? Perhaps. Poor mother! She hardly dared touch me till I took her bodily in my arms. How horrified she was when I told her I had been on the stage! How she stammered when she asked me if I wore that sort of tight trousers that looked as if they grew on one!"

She laughed heartily a second. "And then I went to the old orchard. Paul. It was just such a night as that one—the night you told me not to forget. I'm afraid the forgetfulness is yours, after all, Paul. Foolish, unworthy of answering though they may have been, those letters came right from my heart. Pshaw! That laughter made my eyes dim for a moment. But you tired of them after a year. I'm afraid the professor was disappointed in me for awhile. But I had my art, and art leaves no room for love. That's the lesson you told me not to learn. Yet for seven long years, day after day, it has been a part of my daily food. Yet 18 years is almost three seven, Paul, and habit is strong. I wonder where you are."

In breathless darkness silence the vast audience waited for the opening

aria, to be sung by this unknown singer, whose fame, rumor had whispered, would become worldwide. Then into the living silence came a voice so daintily sweet and soft it seemed born of the air. Slowly it rose higher and stronger, like a bird that gathers strength in its upward flight, till when it seemed almost too heavenly sweet for an earthly voice, into the sight of the breathless audience came the singer. A moment of absolute, dumb silence, then the very roof sent back its echo to swell the triumphant ovation. But as the singer bowed right and left her eyes fell and lingered on the tear stained, happy face of the woman in the front seat.

Only a man in the proscenium box sat motionless in all the excitement. So this was Bertha, this beautiful woman who moved these thousands at her pleasure. This was the Bertha who had stood in the old church, the sunlight "powdering" the dusky hair with gold as it streamed in the chancel window while she sang "Come Unto Me." Her voice was glorious now. But coming down through the silence of eight years the voice of his memory sounded infinitely sweeter. With the dream of a sunlight shining like opals through the trees, sparkling like jewels in the dusky hair, with the pure scent of God's own air and the unutterable peace of nature, the glare of light, the glimmer of real opals and jewels, the hot perfumed air, the ceaseless rustle of silks, seemed a sickening substitute.

They were all here to see her. All had an equal right to look at and listen to her—who by rights should be his alone. Well, she had learned her lesson well. Rising like a mocking whisper above the din of sound he could hear the voice, "I shall never forget, Paul."

At the end of the third act, an act of triumph for the little unknown country girl, a note was handed her. She tore it nervously open. "You looked long at me more than once tonight. I knew then memory was whispering to you. Was it faithful, I wonder? Did it tell you all? Did it tell you where and when we last met? Did it repeat the words that were spoken then?" There was no signature.

It seemed ages to Paul before the boy returned with an answer. He opened it slowly, yet with quick fingers. "Memory has been whispering eight long years, Paul. Can I then forget? Ah, 'tis you who forgot; all my foolish little letters answered. You were cruel, Paul. Didn't you hear me tell you my heartache in that last song? I was singing to you—not my fierce Italian lover. I'm alone after the opera in my dressing room." Like a flash he saw all; heard the professor's voice saying, "You can't love, child; art has no room for love." And the seven long years of silence grew shorter.

Paul knocked at the door the stage hand pointed out to him. He had evidently been expected.

"Who?" said a voice inside, answering his knock. "I—Paul!" And the door slowly opened.—Chicago News.

Looking For a Knockout.
The name of Yee Ho Chuan, or the Boxer, Mr. Wu says, is translated "lightness, harmony and dist." According to the Minneapolis Journal, it is a sort of "muscular Confucianism" movement.

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